

**"S'Matter, Pop?"**Copyright, 1912,  
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By C. M. Payne.

**Old Fairy Tales  
In New Clothes.**HANSEL  
AND  
GRETEL.

By James Alden.

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ONCE Upon a Time there was a brother and a sister whose names were Algenon and Imogene. These names were mowed down by the neighbors to Hansel and Gretel.

Their mother was a widow when they were still quite young.

At every children's concert and church festival and Christmas they had to recite poetry.

Naturally their dear Ma-ma was absolutely positive that by the time Algenon was eighteen he would have Enoch, Barrett, Forster, Irving and even Chauncy Olcott beaten to a whisper when it came to the Historic Art.

Ma-ma always pronounced Historic Art with capital letters.

And as for Imogene—mercy, Sarah Bernhardt was a mere amateur compared with her, while the later Ma-ma, J. Naussch, couldn't begin to recite Lady Macbeth's lines anywhere near the manner in which Imogene recited them, and every one agreed to that.

By the time they were twenty Ma-ma was worried for fear she would have a disagreeable time of it trying to prevent the great theatrical matters and producers from coming to blows to settle which should secure her wonderful children, Algenon and Imogene.

By the time they were twenty-five Ma-ma was not so much worried about preventing the great producers from fighting over which was to secure Algenon and Imogene as she was worried over whether they could hold their own in a world of a celebrated repertoire company presenting all the standard tragedies and melodramas along the tank town circuits.

They had other troubles. Although they knew they were considerably better than any living actor and actress at the Shakespeare stuff, they were chiefly worried over the fact that it looked as though they were not even going to land that across-the-continent one-night-stand job at \$20 per.

They were quite right in their worries. This particular season they did not even land that job, and they were disconsolate indeed.

"It was a cheery old company, anyway," remarked Imogene with the accent and diction that marked the skilled actress.

"But they paid real money," replied Algenon, whereupon both of them sighed and wrote more letters to more company managers.

Then plain Bill Hawkins called on them. Plain Bill Hawkins was of common clay and so uncouth and freckled and unrefined in his childhood days that Ma-ma never allowed Algenon and Imogene to play with him.

And it was just as Ma-ma predicted. He never amounted to anything. He lacked culture, his instincts for refinement were nil. Poor Bill just sort of grew up almost any old way, and just now he earned a living running an ordinary grocery store. It was just as

Ma-ma predicted. There was no class to Bill. He just run this grocery store and did a real estate business and owned the only undertaking establishment in that village and managed to get along in vulgar trade.

He called on Algenon and Imogene just the same, and for a moment Ma-ma was frightened for she thought he had come to collect a few months' grocery bill.

But he had not. His lodge was getting up an entertainment and he wanted Algenon and Imogene to help them out. They promised to do their best. Ma-ma agreed because she was chiefly worried about that grocery bill.

Algenon and Imogene were not fools by any means. They had been on the road too long and away from Ma-ma too long to remain in that class, notwithstanding their early training. And so they got up a funny sketch. They talked to do mean themselves with such a thing, but there was that two months' grocery bill.

Algenon fixed a harmonica in a long German pipe so he could blow on the stem and finger the bowl and play it. Imogene got out some souvenir wooden shoes for them, and arranged an accordion in her picture hat so she could remove the hat and play it. They then rehearsed some Dutch dialect songs and went to the lodge entertainment prepared to help amuse the simple country folk.

There were songs and dances, monologues and farces at this entertainment, but when Algenon played "Wacht am Rhein" on the long tobacco pipe and Imogene removed her hat and made music come out of it they proved a scream. Their funny dialogue got the house and their wooden shoes all helped.

When the entertainment "was over every one in the village was talking of what wonderful actors Algenon and Imogene were. The show was repeated two more nights. There was no reply from the companies they sought to play with and so they entered into the fun.

Then they had a great idea. They would go into vaudeville, bill themselves as Hansel and Gretel, and do that absurd Dutch act. They did this, made a hit at the first tryout, and today their success should be a lesson to all of the true worth of training for leading Shakespearean roles.

They are collecting \$2,500 each week and are billed as "Hansel and Gretel, the funniest knock-about Dutch comedians on the stage."

Ma-ma is in a nice big house back in the village, and even forgets to sign when the checks come back to her each week by mail.

"And every one in the village has forgotten all about 'I am Dying, Egypt, Dying,' and 'Ye Call Me Chief,' but they point with pride to 'Hansel and Gretel' and say, 'Them's the smartest youngsters ever brought up in this town!'"

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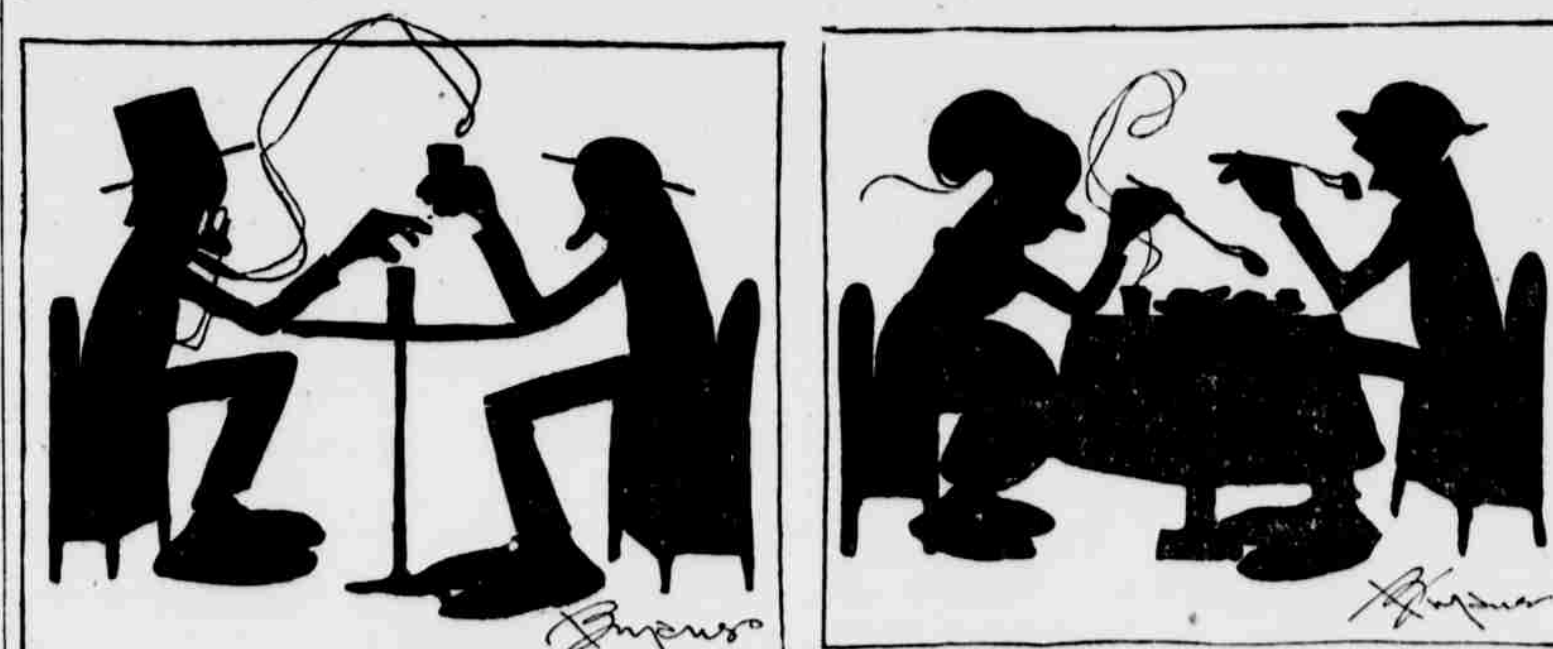
"I begin to morrow,"—Mendengerfer Blatter.

**Oh, You Ophelia!**Copyright, 1912,  
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By Dwigg.

**Table Talk in Silhouetteville**Copyright, 1912,  
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By J. K. Bryans.

**Rose-Time.**

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

It's rose-time! Listen to the joyous notes  
Of liquid music on the summer air.  
From myriads of tiny, feathered throats  
In bush and tree, overhead and every-  
where.

It's rose-time! See the shade of tender green  
That robes the earth in raiment good to see.  
It's rose-time, and a wealth of life un-  
seen.  
Awakens into being joyously.

Sweet wandering zephyrs, soft as angel hands,  
Caress my troubled brow, and smooth my hair;  
Each gentle touch obedience commands  
And banishes a world of weary care.

Because it's rose-time—joytime of the year  
Blest carnival of joy and love and mirth.  
The "day in June" so rare is here—aye, here!  
With rose gammed gladiolus, to crown the earth.

**Tabloid Tales  
OF OLD NEW YORK**

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**XII.—The Bell of the Ten-Hour Day.**  
WAY back in the first half of last century a small bell swung in a small tower in Lewis street, between Fourth and Fifth streets, on the east side of New York.

Four times a day, at 7 o'clock, at 12, at 1 o'clock and at 6, a man carrying a ladder crossed the street to the shed from which the tower arose. Placing the ladder against the shed, he climbed to the roof and rang the little bell by means of a lever like a pump handle.

It was, so to speak, the tocsin of the Ten-Hour Day which was rung thus upon the old Mechanics' Bell.

The ship-building mechanics of the city had obtained a reduction of one-third in the working-day, which, formerly extending from sunrise to sunset, had in the summer season covered a stretch of fifteen hours. In celebration of their victory, as well as to point

**Hedgeville  
Editor**

By John L. Hobbs.

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**HECK HENDERSON** says that he left his beard grow because shaving is a violation of the laws of nature.

**DAN CRAWFORD** announces that he cannot furnish his customers with any more country eggs because his hen house has been moved into the city limits.

**EKE REYNOLDS** says that misfortunes are born to every man, but it seems that his are always born trips.

**REV. FROST** says that if they could the one-half cent buses it will make religion a lot cheaper for some of his congregation.

**EKE REYNOLDS** says he wishes they would have a Father's Day when every man could go home and be treated like one of the family.

**OFFICER 666**

A Fast Moving New York Story

By Barton W. Currie

Based on the Successful

Farce of the Same Title

(Copyright, 1912, by H. K. By Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Travers Gladwin, a wealthy young New York millionaire, had been secretly from Egypt, bringing along a copy of the "Blue Boy" painting which he was charged to bring to his father. He was in the city with Helen Burton, a Western girl. Helen confided to her cousin, Michael Phelan, a detective, that she was in the city for the "Blue Boy" painting. Helen does not know the name of the painting. Helen does not know the name of the painting. Helen does not know the name of the painting.

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The millionaire cop sat back luxuriously and inhaled a deep breath. "And," he exclaimed to himself, "I'm really beginning to live. Nothing but thrills for four hours and more and more ones coming."

Presently the chauffeur returned, opened the door a few inches and showed in a small package.

"You'll have to pass 'em on in the dark," he said. "Or ye can light 'em up. You'll find a wee mirror in the bundle. Now where'd I drive you?"

"Back to me fixed post," said Gladwin, "only take it easy while I put it on straight."

"If ye don't get it on straighter, ye'll ruin a brogue," chuckled the chauffeur. "It'll not deceive a blind man."

In another instant the return journey was under way at reduced speed. Travers Gladwin first tried on the wig. It was three sizes too large, so he had to discard it. Next he had some trouble in deciding which was the mustache and which the eyebrows. He had burned his fingers pretty badly before he made the selection and likewise he had singed one of the eyebrows.

But he managed to plaster them all on before the cab stopped and after one glance in the little mirror he was confident the disguise would answer.

When he stepped out of the taxi, at almost the very spot where he had boarded it, he felt that a big weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

"How do you like me?" he asked the chauffeur, gayly. "Is it an improvement?"

"I wouldn't say ye no no to that," said the chauffeur, "but it's a disguise, an' that's what ye were wantin'. Tiddy eyebrows is grand."

"Thanks," laughed Officer 666, "but here's a hundred dollar bill which asks ye to forget me uniform, me number an' me face."

"The done," agreed the chauffeur, tucking away the bill, "only take a tip from ye when ye keep drive on the wheel. An' when ye pinch your friend don't let him holler too loud."

The yellow taxi was gone with a crash, leaving Gladwin to wonder at the amazingly shrewd guess of its pilot.

"When I pinch me friend," he murmured. "Twas just what I said to Phelan. Why?"

He was gazing after the taxicab when from the opposite direction there suddenly rolled into view a vast touring car with a familiar figure at the wheel, and alongside the familiar figure a very pretty girl.

The car was barely rolling along, while its two occupants were talking earnestly, their heads as close together as was possible under the circumstances.

"Johnny Parkinson, as I'm alive!" uttered Travers Gladwin. "Me old college chum, and as per usual—making love. Yis, me grinning chauffeur friend, here's where we make a pinch an' test Mm. Flynn's eyebrows. Officer, do your duty!"

Off he stepped into the roadway and raised his nightstick.

The big car came to a sudden stop and the two owners stared at it angrily at the cause of the interruption.

"I arrest ye in the name of the law," cried Patrolman Gladwin, scowling so fiercely that one of the eyebrows was in danger.

"What's that?" snorted the young lady.

"You're me prisoner," said Gladwin, easily. "I arrest ye for breakin' the speed laws—racin' on the aven-o."

"It's an outrage!" cried the young lady. "We were scarcely crawling, Johnny!"

"You must be joking, officer," said Johnny Parkinson, not very belligerently, for he had a bad record for speeding and wasn't sure that some earlier offense was not involved.

The young man was on the point of opening the door when a voice stopped him.

"Kape inside, ye boob, an' pull the blinds down. There's a car on the very edge of the law. Now, what is it ye want in the way of whippers or hair?"

He can see the change through the crack. "What's the prevailin' style?" asked Gladwin, with a laugh. "Are they wearin' brown beads?"

"They are not," mumbled the chauffeur. "I guess a wee bit mistake an' a black wig will do, an' if ye want it, ye'll get a pair of furry eyebrows."

"Furry?" cried the young man, poking a finger through the crack in the door, and don't be long. "The door is closed and a great stiffness clapped down, broken only by the running of the taximeter, which seemed to be engaged with a motor of its own.

"Which station shall I drive to?—I'm sure there must be some mistake."

"There's no mistake," responded Gladwin, fairly screaming with joy inside at the bewildered and frightened look of his friend. "As for police stations, take your pick. I ain't particular. Drive round the block a couple of times an' make up your mind."

(To Be Continued.)

**Popular Science Notes.**  
**SLATE** is used almost exclusively for roofing purposes in southern Ireland, according to Consul George E. Chamberlin of Cork. It is sold by the ton (2,240 pounds), the price ranging from \$28.75 a ton for Irish slate to \$29.20 for Welsh slate. With a four-inch lap one ton of the heavy grade will cover about three hundred and fifty square feet, and of the light about four hundred square feet.

Coquitos nuts (little cocoanuts) are found in abundance in Mexico, but the entire amount gathered is taken by the local soap factories, the managers of which are constantly complaining that they can not procure sufficient raw material from this neighborhood for their needs. This condition is due to the lack of interest on the part of the natives and to some extent, no doubt, to the

difficulty experienced in extracting the seed.

Cocaine, a very largely used narcotic, is more than twice its normal value, owing to the scarcity of opium. Carbolic acid continues to advance in price, and it is not at all unlikely that the cost of household disinfectants may be increased. The most noteworthy of the few articles which have declined in value is glycerine, which, after a long period of high value, now shows signs of coming down in price.

**A TELLING EXAMPLE.**  
"How well you are looking!"  
"Yes, I am a vegetarian."

"That settles it. I shall never eat meat again. How long have you been one?"  
"I begin to morrow,"—Mendengerfer Blatter.